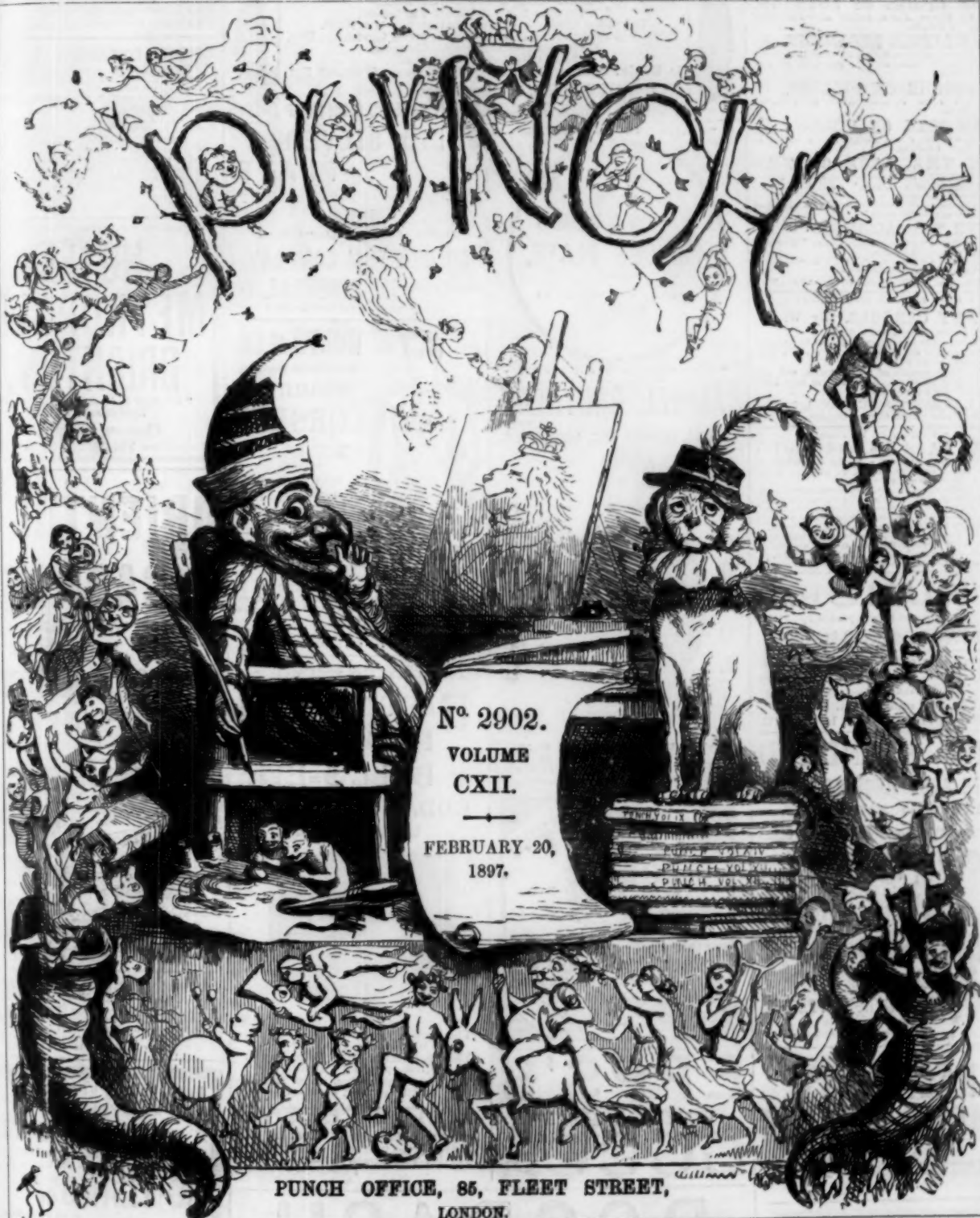


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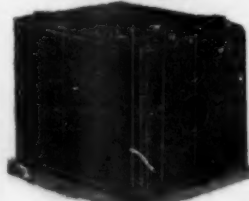
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A SKETCH IN REGENT STREET.

PUZZLE—ON WHICH SIDE ARE THE SHOP WINDOWS?

TRUE LOYALTY.

(Contributions selected from several leading Waste-paper Baskets.)

Cheapside.

SIR,—The proposal so nobly suggested by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will doubtless strike a responsive chord in the heart of every Briton. The welfare of our suffering brethren in the Hospitals is indeed an object worthy of our best endeavours. This fact will justify us in reminding your readers that the chances of recovery from illness are often imperilled by the unwholesome nourishment given to the patients, especially when they are ordered to take cocoa. You would hardly believe, Sir, the number of inferior brands of this commodity with which the market is flooded. How, then, could the British public better commemorate the glorious reign of our beloved QUEEN than by purchasing for every hospital in the kingdom a large quantity of the Pure, Wholesome, and Refreshing Cocoa manufactured only by

Your obedient servants,
NIBBS, DINN & Co.?

Birchington College.

SIR,—My major says that he had an extra week's holiday in 1887 because of the Jubilee. Since then, as old EUCLID would say, this year is greater than the Jubilee, much more than we must have an extra fortnight at least added to the Summer Vac. Q.E.D.

Again, Greek is rot, and I hate it. So do all of us. Why not abolish it? I've got to finish a beastly Latin prose, so can't say more now, but this is the Commemoration Programme suggested by us, the Lower Fifth at Birchington College:—

- (i.) Two weeks' extra holiday.
- (ii.) Abolition of Greek and Corporal Punishment.
- (iii.) A jolly good blow-out.

Yours respectfully,
TOMMY TITTLEBAT.

Queen's Gate.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the coming "commemoration," as it is called, will not witness a repetition of the idiotic features which disgraced the Jubilee ten years ago. On that occasion, I was expected to provide board and lodging for one of my idle sons for a whole week beyond the already excessive length of the summer holidays.

This is all very pleasant for the schoolmaster, but it is disgraceful that the unhappy parents should be burdened in this way. Why should not this year mark a great step forward in the knowledge and

accomplishments of the younger generation? This would indeed make the year notable, and it could easily be effected by shortening by a month or so the vacations of our schoolboys, at Birchington College and elsewhere. Hoping that the headmasters will have the sense to act on this suggestion,
Yours obediently,
OCTAVIUS TITTLEBAT.

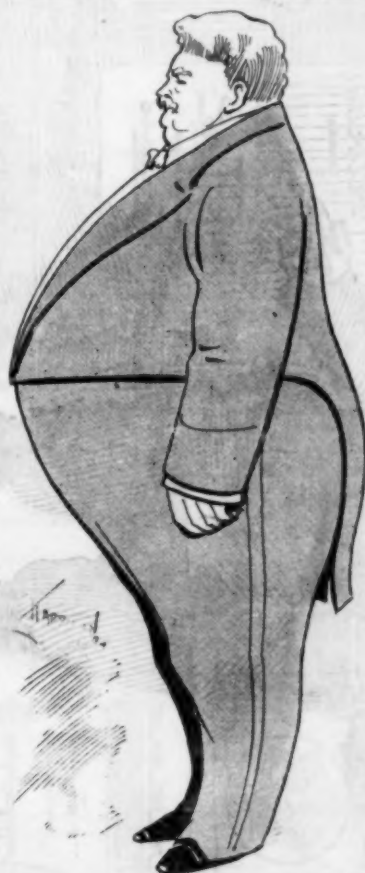
Chelsea.

SIR,—The present year deserves imperishable record in the annals of time. And how is such record to be given? By a few bonfires and fireworks, shortlived as their own radiance? By the ruin of many digestions, owing to the so-called banquets that will be held? Or even by the narratives of its glories in stately prose, such as adorns your columns, and illuminates the quotidian breakfast-table of countless readers? No, Sir; even this is insufficient and inadequate to do justice to the Longest Reign. Poetry, Sir, pure, musical, magnificent poetry is wanted, and that want I propose to supply. My epic in fifteen cantos, entitled *Victoria Triumphans*, will shortly be ready, printed and bound in the most sumptuous style. And it would be false modesty were I to conceal the fact that in future ages, when the memory of our QUEEN herself becomes dim, the year 1897 will still be honoured, because in it appeared the noblest poem that the world has seen—need I again refer to *Victoria Triumphans* by name? The price is ridiculously low—no more than five guineas, in fact. Intending subscribers should send their names—with remittances—to me without delay. Yours faithfully,
AUGUSTUS PINDAR.

SIR,—I never lose an opportunity of letting the public know of my existence, and this the Regal Jubilee Year is a first-rate one for
Yours,
GENERAL BOOM OF BOOMSBURY.

X-TRAORDINARY COOKING.—The X rays have just been introduced into the Royal Kitchens, in order to detect any foreign substance in the food prepared. We conclude therefore that Her MAJESTY will henceforth live upon Xtract of British meat.

SUGGESTED EDUCATIONAL ROMANCE.—*The Schoolmaster*, by HALL CAINE.



PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF DR. NANSEN, IF HE ACCEPTS ALL THE INVITATIONS FOR DINNER WHICH ARE BEING SHOWERED UPON HIM JUST NOW.



Lumpy Vaseur.

ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.

John Bull. "AT ALL EVENTS, YOU DON'T WANT ME TO CLEAR OUT OF EGYPT!"

French *Constitutionnel* (quoting *John Bull*). "PAS DEBOUT, — NOT MUCH!"

GOODE NEWS

FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AND THE PURVEYORS OF POPULAR VERSE.

[Mr. J. J. Goode informs the *Daily Chronicle* representative that "during the past two or three years the valentine has been looking up in the most promising fashion."]

People's Post-Laureate loquiter :—

WELL, I'm glad to hear that! Of late years they've been flat, and you'd hardly twig what one in twenty meant, But this news seems to prove that those Pessimist prigs have not quite banished humour and sentiment. I feared that the age had thrown off fun and feeling as oft a she-falcon will her jesses, And that the last home of the smile and the tear, in our town, was good old MOORE and BURGESS'S. With faces cork-blackened, and by instruments backed, men might still pose as—well, men of feeling, But for the most part the dear old human heart seems in process of rapid congealing. That sweet bardlet, BUNN, of whom cynics made fun, was what I call the typical poet, For the smile, and the blush, and the amorous gush, all as sweet as the mild fizz of Moët In saccharine days, BUNN could work, and his bays, tear-watered are green and immortal. Only he and the valentine writers I say ought to pass the Parnassian portal. Lord TENNYSON'S rhymes might be taking, sometimes, though a little bit spoiled by profundity; But how many of his would be real "good biz" on a valentine? Why, hardly one ditty! If SWINBURNE and he could compete with—say me, I am certain they wouldn't be in it In knocking off suitable verses and mottoes, for trade, at a stanza per minute: The Arts, for St. Valentine's glorious purposes, need to be "simple and passionate," Not quaint and intense, like our poets and posters to-day. I the up-to-date fashion hate! The phantasmal creatures with angular features who sprawl on each wall, and each cover, Would not suit the flagree fripperies dear to the soul of an old-fashioned lover. An amorous couple, slim-waisted and supple, who stroll up a serpentine pathway Towards a toy-church in the distance—that was in old "Philistine" days our true Gath-way!— Would now, like old crockery, meet with huge mockery. Nevertheless I feel certain A cramped, sooty, silhouette-faced, scarlet-headed she-ghoul by a asp-spotted curtain, And under a mystical sky like a tangle of snakes o'er a horrid horizon, A-stare at a lover contorted and pale, like poor Villikins after the "pizon," Is quite as conventional, not half as nice, and though it may do for new Street-Art, Transferred to a valentine 'tis not a thing a good fellow would send to his sweetheart. And yet I should not be surprised if some decadent duffer should try the experiment— Hang him!—of High Art applied to the valentine!!! Healthy emotion and merriment Now seem as dead as the dust of old Pharaoh. Ah! Yes, some neurotical ninny Will probably give us VERLAINE-plus-VIERGE as a valentine, proofs price one guinea, Printed on coarse sugar-papers, in mud! Oh, for good poet BUNN, and the fellows Who limned hearts and darts, churches, lovers, and lanes, in the good old greens, purples and yellows. I trust Mr. Goode is an accurate prophet, that Valentine's Day is reviving. And that, like a bird, every boy (though absurd) intent upon wooing and wiving, In chill February, aspiring to marry, may venture his bob or his In buying a love-missive, written and drawn in the dear old conventional manner; And that, though it meet with the decadent's scorn, and the halfpenny critic's curses, The valentine still may mean popular Art and simple emotional verses! Much honest Art-skill is available still for the pictures, if people will buy them, And as to the "lines,"—though I say it who shouldn't—I know a poor bard who'll supply them!



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. IX.

A VOICE FROM THE CLASSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other evening, at the "Annual Dinner of the Society of Authors" (poor chaps, do they have only one square meal a year?), the Chairman, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, delivered, to my mind, a very suggestive speech. He seemed greatly pleased with the progress that education had made during the present century. But I think he was wrong. Speaking for myself (and I represent a lot of other fellows), I certainly have had the benefit of a good school and its teaching. Worse luck! According to Sir JOHN, the Romans had a saying, "that a child should learn nothing that he could not learn on his feet." And why not? A very sensible suggestion. Of course, nowadays, we would alter it to "with his feet," as the correction would enable us to include football and cricket. But why did the amiable president of the Annually Dining Authors hold up to reprobation the glorious fact that thirty years ago several hundred schoolmasters and schoolmistresses could not write? Think of objecting to that! Why, if the gentlemen who look after me at my place of learning had never been taught to sign their names the saving in trouble would have been immense. And then there would have been another distinct advantage—had I not been able to write you would never have received this letter! Yours cheekily, JONES MINOR.

NATURAL HISTORY PHILOSOPHY.—The man who would say "Beau!" to a goose would be capable of ejaculating "Belle!" to a gander.



BY ORDER OF THE L. C. C.

Bobby. "MOTHER! IF THAT GENTLEMAN ONLY KNEW IT, HE MIGHT TAKE OFF HIS MUZZLE NOW, MIGHTN'T HE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHAT this book wants," Miss MARY KINGSLEY writes by way of introduction to her *Travels in West Africa* (MACMILLAN), "is not a simple preface, but an apology." What it really wants is cutting down by at least two hundred pages. It is a marvellous story of a woman's courage, enterprise, endurance, and other qualities which mere man has been in the habit of claiming as his exclusive birthright. The woman, my Baronite whispers to me, is betrayed in the copiousness of language that enlarges the volume to 627 pages, not counting appendices. That grumble discharged, there remains nothing but praise for the book and of admiration for its author. She has a keen eye for character, an abiding sense of the picturesque, a humour that bubbles over in all places and predicaments, and a graphic pen, whose unfailing flow sometimes carries her a little far afield.

Now that CALVERLEY is no more, Mr. OWEN SEAMAN is his own most dangerous rival. He has excelled himself in *The Battle of the Bays*. A parody, unless done by a master hand, is a poor thing. In this little volume the master hand is visible in every line. Of the nine Muses who compete in the contest it is difficult to say which contributes more to the delight of the reader. My Baronite inclines to the study of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, whose fine poetic style is exceedingly tempting to the wickedly inclined. That is a matter of taste. The taster will find all toothsome. What the subjects of Mr. SEAMAN's satire think of his work is, as one of them when

he writes in prose is occasionally prone to observe, "another story." The exercise kindly provided should be useful to them as the Röntgen rays in the hands of a skilled physician throw priceless light on other human diseases and malformations. It is one of Mr. SEAMAN's minor japes that his book is published at the Bodley Head, at which he occasionally girds.

THE BARON.

DR. NANSEN'S SHIRT.

We welcome the fearless explorer;
Undoubtedly he can assert
He's beaten the record, a scorer,
Al in the matter of shirt.

So "*palman qui meruit ferat*"
Pecuniam ferat—et fert,
For people are crowding to hear, at
His lectures, accounts of his shirt.

Accounts—that is not bills for washing,
No laundress was able to hurt,
With wringing, or mangling, or squash-
ing,

That very unfortunate shirt.
To hear of his journey is thrilling,
That wonderful "*Farthest North*"
spurt,

And people seem equally willing
To hear this new "*Song of a Shirt*."
Yet pardon my meekly suggesting,
In phrases, I hope, not too curt,
Of course it is most interesting,
This soiled Scandinavian shirt;

To soap-scented English a truly
Remarkable story of dirt,
Repeated on all sides unduly—
We've heard quite enough of that shirt.

DOGGED GRATITUDE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you allow me to thank through your columns the metropolitan and county magnates who have so kindly removed the debasing muzzles, which for nearly a year have degraded our race. Rabies only concerns the wretched two-legged creatures whom we, with canine humour, call masters and mistresses, knowing all the time that they are our devoted slaves. Henceforth, until some blundering biped interferes, we shall, as in the good old days, be allowed to bite as well as bark, to fight among ourselves, and to consume without prevention that garbage of the gutter which is as agreeable to our palates as is lively cheese to yours. With best love to all philocaninethropists,

I am, yours gratefully,

TOBY'S FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED.
Whine Kennels, Snarlborough.

At Windsor.

American Traveller (to Waiter at the "*Blue Stag*"). Say, is it true that you've got a real live ghost here?

Waiter. Yesair. Believed to be either Cardinal GARNET WOLSELEY, 'ERNE the 'Unteman, Queen ELIZABETH, or the late King of the Belgians.

American Traveller. Thanks. Send for the local reporter, if off duty in any one capacity.

A REMINDER TO OUR GALLIC NEIGHBOURS.—We obtained our position in Egypt by French leave.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 20, 1897.





OUR NEW KNIGHT-HOSPITALLER.

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OUR NEW KNIGHT-HOSPITALER.

The Prince's Plea, urged by Mr. Pursuivant Punch.

LARGES! LARGES! Lieges all!
Princely Almoners are rarities.
Who'll not heed so clear a call
In so high a cause as Charity's?
New Knight-Hospitaler he,
Patriot Prince as kind as loyal.
Heart that's warm and hand that's free
Are possessions rightly royal.

Sixty years of glorious reign
Make appeal through him most rightly.
Faith, it shall not be in vain!
England's banner beameth brightly,
Blazoned with VICTORIA's name,
And two words of happy omen;
Which must earn ungrudging fame
From the lips of friends or foemen.

Let the cross upon his breast
Plead to every patriot spirit;
British hearts will do the rest,
Hearts that chivalry inherit.
At his bridle-rein there stands
A most gracious presence, praying
Largess large from liberal hands.
Glad response there'll be no staying!

For Her Diamond Jubilee
Were there fitter celebration
Than a flood of charity
From a proud and loyal nation?
Honour to a generous Prince,
Loved by Her we love and treasure,
Fittier could we all evince
Than by gifts in stintless measure?

Gifts to Charity, the cause
Of the poor our Prince well pleadeth.
Not mere salvoes of applause
Our Knight-Hospitaler needeth.
Largess! Largess! 'Tis his claim
Urged with simple kindly clarity
In the loved and honoured name
Of our QUEEN and gentle Charity!

HOW TO LOSE A SEAT.

(A Farce now being played at the Bye-Elections.)

SCENE—Office of Local Wire-puller.

Local Wire-puller discovered. To him enter
Would-be Candidate.

L.W.P. (cordially). You got my note, Sir?

W.B.C. (with difficulty finding his words). Yes; I thank you. It is not for me to understand it. For I am what you call a stranger.

L.W.P. (heartily). Nonsense, Sir, you are a good Englishman—you have been naturalised.

W.B.C. Yes; like the good gentleman who got in by what you call the flesh of his teeth at Romford. But he is more accomplished, more English, more popular than I.

L.W.P. Oh! you will do well enough. You don't, of course, come from the central office?

W.B.C. Oh, no! Oh! they do say I not know nothing about anything, and (smiling) *ma foi*, I think they are right!

L.W.P. Well, we must teach you. What are your views on Education?

W.B.C. I know nothing about Education.

L.W.P. Then come, what are your views on any subject of political interest?

W.B.C. I do not know any.

L.W.P. Well, can you tell me anything about the constituency?

W.B.C. No; I cannot. For, you see, I have never been. I know nothing at all.



"THE MISSIS" WOULD OBLIGE.

Philanthropist. "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS CONDITION, PARKER. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL MISS THE LECTURE TO-NIGHT."

Parker. "OH NO, I SHAN'T. I'M GOIN'—SHTRAIGHTHOME."

L.W.P. (preparing to make a note). And your name?

W.B.C. My name it is PROUDHOMME—I beg pardon. I forgot. I have changed that. I am MEESTER SMEETH.

L.W.P. To be sure. I forgot. SMITH. First-rate name. Well, Mr. SMITH, and now one last question. How about your banking account?

W.B.C. (giving pass book). It is here.

L.W.P. (greatly gratified). Five figures! Entirely satisfactory! Well, my dear Sir,

with your qualifications, I shall certainly have the pleasure of congratulating you upon being our Member. [Curtain.]

[But the Local Wire-puller finds himself mistaken, as the voters reject "Meester SMEETH," and elect his better-known opponent.]

THE SORROWS OF SAT-ON.—Those of the owner of a hat which has met with the oppression of a foreign body.



ARMORIAL SHIRTS.

(For those entitled to wear Armorial Coats.)

THIS suggestion, which *Mr. Punch* offers for the consideration of the promoters of the "Armorial Club," has much to recommend it. Apart from the highly decorative effect produced, it would make it as easy to know "who's who" in the *salles* of a modern drawing-room as it was in that of a mediæval battle. Moreover, if proper badges of distinction, marks of cadency, and the like, were added, the Eligible would be easily distinguished from the Ineligible, and the task of the careful chaperon rendered far easier. Lastly, it would do more than anything else to revive the study of the venerable, but somewhat decayed, science of Heraldry.

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. VIII.—OF ROWING—OF COPY-BOOK MAXIMS—OF SPORTING PAPERS IN RELATION TO MOTHERS—OF MOTHERS IN RELATION TO ROWING—OF PRESIDENTS OF BOAT CLUBS.

MY DEAR JACK,—So you are rowing in the Lent Boat of your College, and have begun to taste the delights of hard training? The seats, you say, are hard, and the food, though plentiful, strikes you as lacking in variety. No matter; when the races are over and you have bumped your way to glory, you will return with an added zest to the cakes, the ice-puddings, and the various other luxuries of ordinary civilised life. In the meantime, proceed in your virtuous career of glowing exercise and manly honest fatigue, and learn how to subordinate your own particular desires to the general good of your crew. The copy-book maxims of your childhood will assume a new and startling force and applicability. The saying, for instance, that health, wealth and wisdom might be expected from early bed-going and early rising has appeared to you as nothing more than a pale and effete generalisation. You will now realise its meaning in the state of your wind and your muscles after you have smitten the sounding furrows of the Cam in a practice course from Baitsbite to the finish. And as for wealth, though you will not at one stroke (or even at forty) become a millionaire, yet, since rowing is a cheap amusement, and by its very nature forbids all extravagance, you will probably find yourself all the better in

pocket for having joined the company of oarsmen. I understand that you recently sent to your mother a copy of *The Field*, in which your crew was referred to as being "distinctly promising," and it was further stated that "one or two of their freshmen, notably No. 6, shape very well." This thoughtless act on your part has roused a passion for oarsmanship in your mother's gentle breast. She who formerly confined her reading to the births, marriages and deaths in *The Times*, now takes in and studies with avidity the *Sportsman* and the *Sporting Life*, and complains that too much attention is paid to the University Crews, and too little to the doings of the Cambridge Lent Boats. She also learns incidentally in the course of her reading that "In answer to JAKE GINGER's challenge, young BOSSY will be only too pleased to box him if Messrs. KNOCKOUT and TOM MITTENS will provide a purse," or that "A Gentleman of Brixton is willing to match his linnet against MO CLARKE's from £2 up to £5. Business only meant," or again, that "JO MIDDLEHAM requests both old and new patrons to remit twenty-four stamps for his brilliant special for the Dust Park Handicap. Fear nothing. Lightning Results." Into these green pastures of literature your dear mother has turned herself loose. I very much fear that on your return home you will find her a changed woman, and I have thought it my duty in some measure to prepare you for the shock. But as to athletics and the part their sons play in them all mothers behave in the same way. They delight to torture their innocent hearts by conjuring up imaginary dangers cunningly calculated to enhance the splendour and matchless daring of their sons. Your mother has, of course, warned you that you must wear thick underclothing when you row so as to diminish the risk of catching cold, that you must on no account overexert yourself, that you must drink your hot posset before you turn in for the night, and never fail to change both your boots and your socks when you come back to your rooms from the river. Perhaps you think your mother is exceptional in her anxieties. Not a bit of it. The President of the University Boat Club is an embodiment of awe and majesty. Note how the passers-by point his noble form out to one another as he treads the streets on his way to the boat-house every afternoon. He holds the fate of oarsmen in his hands. How impassively he rejects one or calls upon another, with how solemn an alacrity do his crew obey his slightest behest! He orders a course, and a course is rowed; he tells No. 5 that he is rowing atrociously short, and No. 5 feels that his life has been robbed of joy and his future days doomed to despair. The man is more than human. Yet this exalted being has a mother, and at this moment, if the truth could be revealed, he has in his pocket a letter from that lady, in which she announces the dispatch of three pairs of warm stockings, and implores him to retire from the crew at the first sign of fatigue, reminding him that as a child of four he was always susceptible to coughs, and that the family doctor quite agrees with her that rowing is too severe an exercise for young men. So, after all, even Presidents of University Boat Clubs, earth-shakers and cloud-compellers though they may appear, are human, too—on the mother's side, and I'll warrant that if this particular President took his mother at her word, gave up his seat in the boat and retired to a life of inglorious cotton-wool and comfort there would be no more miserable woman in the world than the mother who had urged him to the fatal deed. In the meantime, therefore, if you wish to please your mother, I advise you to continue rowing, and to do your best when the time comes to help your crew to make a bump every night of the races.

Commend me to your amiable terrier, Tatters.

Ever your affectionate uncle,

Bob.

AT A WEDDING.

(After the Weather of the last Two Months.)

For weeks and weeks each dismal hour gone,
With skies of quite invariable grey,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor even stars have shone;
The night has been as mournful as the day.

Such sombre skies and such incessant rain
Disgust at last the most contented soul,
And even DR. NANSSEN may complain
Of gloom that seems like winter at the Pole.

O bride and bridegroom, you, as we have done,
Have watched each murky morn, each night-like noon,
Like us, you cannot see the stars or sun,
Then thank your stars you have your honeymoon.

"GIVE it up," says the new "Perish India" fanatic of St. James's Hall. Well, that—according to the old conundrum-catch—is just "what the other donkey did."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 8. —Looking in again at House at eleven o'clock to-night, weighed down with heaviness that comes of listening to seven hours' debate on Army Administration, hardly knew old friend AMELIUS RICHARD MARK LOCKWOOD, late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstreams, now Member for the West (or Epping) Division of Essex. On ordinary occasions no more cheery presence in the House than that of MARK LOCKWOOD. With hat tilted back from expansive brow, hands in trousers' pockets, a smile on his face and a jest on his lips, he is better on a foggy day than a jet of electric light.

Seen at his best in domestic circle of his learned kinsman, FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C. On Christmas Day and Twelfth Night the numerous progeny at Lennox Gardens, delight above all others in Uncle MARK, with his pockets bulging with bonbons, his coat-tails stored with rocking-horses, portable steam-engines, and Noah's Arks, with elephants cunningly constructed so that they may with prehensile trunk take up in turn SHEM, HAM, and JAPHET, and trot them round the back parlour of the Ark.

To-night Uncle MARK transformed. His very voice altered. A chill, repellent air of business warns jesters off. Fact is, he has prepared a paper on "The Iniquity of Sending the Guards to Gibraltar." Undertaken to read it before United Service Institution—I mean the House of Commons. Hour has struck, and here is the man; a grave and reverend seigneur, profoundly



"CELEBRITIES MORE OR LESS AT HOME!" (No. 1.)

A man's idiosyncrasies can best be judged when one sees him in the atmosphere of home. Colonel H-w-rd V-ne-t is most particular that the exact origin of every article should be PLAINLY marked upon it!!

impressed with danger to empire imminent on threatened deportation of Guards. A very good paper it was too, Uncle MARK evidently having whole of question at finger ends, and knowing how to put its best points forward.

But, as I mentioned, hardly recognised him. Would probably have failed, only for two things. One was recognition of the red flower of a blameless life ever worn in his button-hole. The other, the way in which he declaimed the sentence, "Lord METHUEN, speaking in the House of Lords the other night, damned the War Office plan with faint praise."

Used in this connection the verb is quite Parliamentary, a trite quotation. But the emphasis Uncle MARK managed, perhaps unconsciously, to throw upon the little word startled the House. SPEAKER instinctively clasped arms of chair with gesture as if to rise. J. G. TALBOT's face clouded with expression of extreme pain. But before anything could be done Uncle MARK had trotted on, showing how the average height in the Guards is five foot ten and an eighth; how it is difficult to preserve that standard when trade is depressed; and how when, under a Conservative Government, trade is improving, the eighth of an inch must go, and with it one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Business done. — Army Estimates discussed.

Tuesday. — SAM SMITH is a man of war. The accidents of birth and business association lodged him in an ungarrisoned town, and connected him with the cotton trade. Nature meant him for a Guardsman. Had

he chanced to have been in South Africa when preparations for the famous expedition ALFRED AUSTIN hymned were to the fore he would have been torn by conflicting emotions. Instinctively he would shrink from the moral obliquity of the business; but his right hand would have itched for touch of the rifle-stock, his left for the bridle-rein. In the mind's eye one sees him riding forth on a better errand, booted and spurred, his heart full of courage and his belt of cartridges, his tawny beard shining under Afric's sun, serving for his gallant followers the part played in another fight in other days by the plume of HENRY of Navarre.

Accidents, as aforesaid, have directed SAMUEL's feet in the pathways of peace. But hot blood will bubble. To-day he leads a forlorn hope against the citadel of the Church. For what timorous men discuss as tactical reasons no worse time could have been chosen for such enterprise. That is sufficient for SAMUEL SMITH. Let others seek even chances. For him the hopelessness of hostile odds is lure irresistible. So he comes up to-night with resolution demanding instant disestablishment of the Church, not only in Wales, but in England. The mercenaries of the Front Opposition Bench retire to their tents; instruct the orderly if anyone calls to say they're "not at home." When the heroic figure of S. S. presents itself above the gangway, holding in red right hand a scroll of manuscript notes which mean a speech at least an hour long, the rank and file of either camp fold their tents like the Arab and as silently steal away.



"Uncle Mark." (Colonel L-ckw-d.)

SAMUEL cares for none of these things. In the calm solitude of his study he has prepared a speech of prodigious length. Topic not entirely new; does not at the moment inflame public mind with interest. What of that? S. S. has the first place in the order of proceedings; the House—at least the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, the door-keepers, and the benches—are at his mercy. Perhaps, if he has his oration neatly type-written, and sends it to the morning papers, they will gladly allot the three columns of space necessary to its verbatim printing. Anyhow, he'll read his screed from first page to last. If the Sergeant-at-Arms goes to sleep in his chair his blood be on his own head.

Business done.—Mr. SAMUEL SMITH proposes disestablishment and disendowment of Church of England. House yawned through two hours and a half. In midst of yawn of really dangerous stretch found itself counted out.

Thursday.—Mr. WEIR, temporarily withdrawn from forefront of Parliamentary life for reason everyone regrets, is back again, bringing his sheaves of questions with him. Has in leisure time cultivated added sepulchralness of voice. Ever when he came to the crux of his question—whether it related to delayed delivery of telegram between Sanda and Stromness, whether it touched on sewage at Stromness, or whether it retold some story of town council iniquity that had of late lifted with indignation the hair on Duncansby Head—his voice was heard apparently issuing from his boots.

To-night indignation deeper than usual; righteous wrath profounder; his voice has sought even lower level. Seems as if he had contrived to secure a portable subterranean apartment, standing on which he addresses House. You see him rise; regard House to right and left with severe look; fish out *pince-nez* from his bosom; with wide sweep of right arm place it on his nose. Then is heard a subterranean rumbling which, gradually rising to level of his boots, becomes more or less articulate.

His soul just now scared by PRINCE ARTHUR's iniquity in appropriating time of private Members for purposes of Education Bill. He has first place next Tuesday for an epoch-making resolution. A Ministry that has not feared to flout France and rile Russia on Egyptian question reckons nothing of an act of petty larceny at expense of GALLOWAY WEIR. But they shall hear from him; and they do, though withal indistinctly, owing to the subterranean oratorical convenience hinted at. After rumbling had gone on for five minutes, sometimes spluttering above cellar lid, oftener falling hopelessly below it, SPEAKER interposed.

"I have great difficulty in hearing the hon. Member, but," he added, blandly, "I am under the impression that he is out of order."

House roared with delight at this novel application from the Chair of the process of induction. The shaft went home; the rumbling noise proceeded for a few minutes with growing hesitancy; it ceased, and Members looking up discovered that Mr. WEIR, having apparently finished his speech, had resumed his seat.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education Bill moved.

House of Lords, Friday.—LONDONDERRY broke out to-night; harrowed ASHBOURNE's feelings; harried ARNAN; played the Doose generally. And all about GERALD BAL-



COOKED ACCOUNTS.

Extract from old Fitzbadly's Letter to a Friend, describing a run in the Midlands:—"I WAS WELL FORWARDED AT THE BROOK, BUT LOST MY HAT, AND HAD TO DISMOUNT."

FOUR. It appears that WILLIAM O'BRIEN—and really we didn't know it till LONDONDERRY gave him bold advertisement—has been making a speech in Ireland denouncing land-grabbing. W. O'B. must do something. An Irish politician cannot live by the memory of shed breeches, disposed of in whatsoever patriotic circumstance. With TIM HEALY starting a new daily paper, JOHN DILLON's name appearing every morning in the Parliamentary reports, and JOHN REDMOND coming home, other patriots must do something.

From the battlements of his castellated home in Ireland WILLIAM O'BRIEN waves towards Lord LONDONDERRY a handkerchief wet with grateful tears. His noble friend made him the subject of debate in the House of Lords, where TIM's name hasn't been mentioned in the present Parliament, and DILLON's is never heard.

True, LONDONDERRY not thinking of O'BRIEN; wanted to strike at GERALD BALFOUR with back-handed blow at PRINCE ARTHUR. When the latter was Chief Secretary, he said, speeches of this kind were promptly followed by indictment. Now GERALD holds the office treason (to landlords) stalks with impunity. As to which is right let the brothers settle between themselves.

This all very well for outburst of ex-vice-

regal temper. But in beating at the BALFOURS the Marquis has simply succeeded in obliging O'BRIEN.

Business done.—Lord LONDONDERRY, pouring water down crater of effete volcano, makes it splutter in fashion suggestive that it is still alive.

A Puzzle in Horticulture.

Little Chris. Daddy, what makes onions?

Daddy. Seeds, of course.

Little Chris. Then what makes seeds?

Daddy. Onions.

Little Chris (triumphantly). Then why don't us feed the canary on onions?

[Discomfiture and retreat of Daddy.]

Couplet by an Angry Celt.

(After reading an Amusing Paper on "The Celtic Renaissance" in "Blackwood.")

Of old great painters limned, great poets sang;
Now Art is LONG, and Literature is LANG!

THE CENTRE OF GRAVY-TATER-TION.—The middle of a log of mutton roasting over potatoes.

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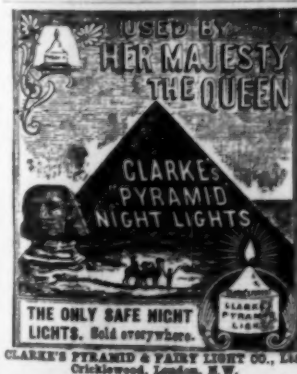
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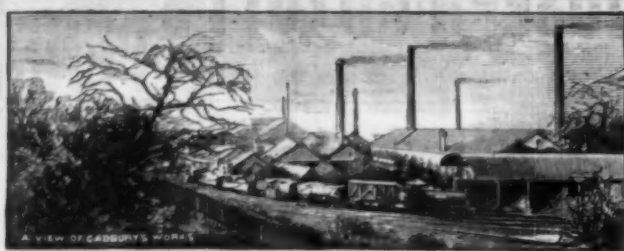
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